

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

## Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.  
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!  
Whatever you say—Be true!  
Straightforwardly and  
Be honest—in fact,  
Be nobody else but you."

## POETRY.

## Bottle Bunny

Bunny, lying in the grass,  
Saw the shining column pass;  
Saw the stately banner fly,  
Saw the chargers fret and fume,  
Saw the flapping hat and plume,  
Saw them with his moist and shy  
Most unexpecting eye.  
Thinking only in the dew,  
That it was a fine view.  
Till a flash not all of steel,  
Where the rolling cannon's wheel  
Brought a rumbling and a boom,  
Rolling down that velvet floor,  
And like blows of autumn fall  
Sharply thrashed the iron ball.  
Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,  
Raised his soft and pointed ears.

As the sharp vindictive yell  
Rose above the screaming shell,  
Thought the world and all its men—  
All the charging and the boom—  
All were rabbit hunters then,  
All to capture him intent.  
Bunny was not used to blame;  
Wiser folk have thought the same.

Wildly panting here and there,  
Bunny sought the freer air,  
Till he hopped below the hill,  
And now, lying close and still,  
Men with muskets in their hands,

## My Small Brown Dog

By Miss A. G. Thayer.

He does not wait till I appear;  
A sixth sense tells him I am near;  
He greets me with a clatter clear—  
My small brown dog.

I tell him worrying odds and ends  
Of things too small for human friends;  
A most attentive ear he bends—  
My small brown dog.

He never lacks the reason why;  
He never makes a "fool" reply.  
Nor wonders why I am so sigh—  
My small brown dog.

They say his little eyes are all of him,  
But that's because their sight is dim.  
I think the gleam in his soul  
Like small brown dogs.

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES

What do you suppose makes the sky blue?  
You haven't thought of this.  
Well, millions of people have lived  
and will live and die without asking  
themselves this question.

We are used to astronomers who are  
millions of worlds in space, but  
not one of them has a blue sky that  
has not an atmosphere, or that is not

## surrounded with air charged with moisture and dust.

The moon has no atmosphere and if we were upon that we should see the sun glaring through a black canopy and it would not seem so pleasing to the eye as the sun is to us.

The small particles of mist or moisture divide the rays of the sun's light and spread a blue haze all over the heavens, and in wet weather the blue is much darker than in dry weather.

We have Cobalt blue—a sky color; marine blue—a sea color; indigo blue—a mineral color. And there is an indefinable blue known as air blue, which is seen in mountain gorges in this country and in Scotland.

It is the sun shining through clouds of dust and mist in the atmosphere which makes the rainbow in the sky and the sunrise crimson and sunset glory which so delights our eyes. It is also the cause of the afterglow, which in some countries continues for several hours after the sun goes down. There are some things which are "all in your eye," the horizon is one of them—it is not the same to all eyes—it is the extent of sight and sight varies. There is really no canopy or heavens over the head, but oceans of space.

This atmosphere in which we live is about five miles deep, deep, deep, near the Philippines, and above that all of space is as black as night.

The friction of the sun's rays upon the earth causes the earth to be lighted, and when the sun ceases to shine upon the earth it is night.

## THE WINNERS OF BOOKS.

1—Frances E. Adams, of Eastville: Frances Brown and His Sister Sue at Camp West-a-Wild.

2—Christine Burdick of Jewett City: A Child's Garden of Vernal.

3—Katherine Hickey of Montville: Madge Morton's Trust.

4—Beatrice E. Burnham of Hampton: Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Grandfather's Farm.

5—Jessie E. Bréhaut of Red Bank, N. J.: R. F. D. The Scarlet Letter.

6—Lillian M. Bréhaut of Red Bank, N. J.: R. F. D. Automobile Girls at Newport.

7—Helen Coombs of South Canterbury: Automobile Girls at Washington.

8—Helen Kahn of Franklin: The Little Lame Prince.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT  
Katherine Hickey of Montville: I received the book entitled Anderson's Fairy Tales. I have read it all through and found it very interesting.

Walter Supina of Stafford Springs: I thank you very much for the fine story book I just wished I had one of the Pony Rider Boys story books.

Helen Coombs of South Canterbury: I received my prize book last Friday which I thank you very much. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

ing to the very roots of his auburn hair. "I'm afraid I can't say 'You see, I have no decent clothes to wear.'"

"Never mind the clothes, my boy. Go into the contest with a firm determination to win that gold piece, and you will have read it all through and found it very interesting."

He do your very best and I firmly believe you will win."

Earle's mother, who had been much of his spare time in the school and in the public libraries, looking through histories and other books, he chose for the subject of his essay the Greater Man, and Who Did the Most For His Country, George Washington, or Abraham Lincoln.

His speech twice a day with the cows for critics. How they understood each other beyond their comprehension, but they certainly must have done so, for the rehearsal proved satisfactory.

Earle did not tell anyone but the teacher that he was trying for the prize, for he did not want to be laughed at.

The evening of the contest he did not sit with the contestants but took a seat in an inconspicuous corner in the back of the room.

Silence prevailed after his name, which had been reserved until the last, was called. Each of the boys looked toward the astonished faces of the audience showed their disapproval of this speaker, and no doubt in their minds they considered the teacher permitting him to be a contestant.

But as the boy proceeded to recite the words of the Declaration of Independence, the two greatest men, whose memory every girl, boy, man and woman loves and honors, were recalled to his mind.

As he read in a clear and convincing voice told of the lives of these living heroes, who, too, had worn old shabby clothes, and had also known what it was at times to be poor and hungry, his hearers were lost in thought and wonder. They had forgotten their surroundings and were listening most intently to the words of the earnest, inspired and enthusiastic lad as if they were afraid that they would miss even an expression of his countenance.

As Earle closed his speech with the words: "We cannot do as we would, let us make the most of what is, our present opportunities," a storm of applause burst from the audience.

Earle, of course, won the five dollar gold piece. Then with bright, sparkling eyes and burning cheeks he hastened home and hung to his mother's lap as she sat with a painful look on her emaciated face, trying to put a match on his old coat, the prize, exclaiming:

"Mother! Cheer up! See here, I have won the prize and now I believe that I can get it and I can get little things to do until you are well, for the people will employ us now."

The mother dropped her sewing and kissed her boy on his brow, then burst into tears. In a few minutes she checked her sobs. Although the tears continued to chase each other down her cheeks as she exclaimed:

"Cheer up! Of course I will, now that I can get my boy to be a helpful boy; and we three, with God's help, will be able to rise above all difficulties which was to be held by the boys of the school."

The teacher asked him to join the contestants.  
"What! Me," cried Earle, reddening.

Interesting, so I thought I would try my luck again.

Grace A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—Thank you very much for the prize book entitled "The High School Picture."

Florence Meyer, of Taftville—I thank you for the book I received, Madge Morton's Victory. It is an enjoyable book.

Alfred Levetsky, of Norwich—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. It is a good story and I enjoyed reading it very much.

## STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

## The Deer.

One day as I was taking a stroll through the dense woods, looking for flowers, I happened to look toward a hill and I saw three enormous small looking deer; the woods concealed me from them, thus giving a chance to have a fine view of a brown color, but the fawn is lighter and spotted; they have brown eyes which are bright and expressive. They are very tame and bushy; they also have long ears which detect the slightest sound; their legs are very strong and quick.

As I stood looking at this particular group of deer I thought they made a very pretty picture. The deer and the fawn were blended with the green foliage. As I was about to go one of them lifted its head and came toward me. I stood there, but the deer came close to me with no fear of me. I stamped my feet but still it did not run, then I remembered that I had a gun in my pocket and I was about to shoot it.

After they were tired of eating they turned and with leaps and bounds they ran away.

There were there until they could be seen no more and I have not seen them since as I'm sure I could distinguish them from any other deer.

HELEN COOMBS, Age 15.  
South Canterbury.

## The Bold Hawks.

Most every day a red-tailed chicken comes and takes away a chicken. It is only a day or two since we can easily know him from the other birds. He is a bold hawk and he comes before noon and sometimes about 4 or 5 o'clock. He doesn't fly to the coop right off, but circles about and circles about and circles back again when no one sees him.

Once, when we were in the garden, he came and took away a chicken. We all wanted to see him, so he came before noon and sometimes about 4 or 5 o'clock. He doesn't fly to the coop right off, but circles about and circles about and circles back again when no one sees him.

Another time I saw him flying about one foot from the ground, and trying to get a chicken. He was so close that I could see his wings and his tail. He was so close that I could see his wings and his tail.

That hawk took away more chickens than the milk killed last year.

WILLIAM M. BRÉHAUT, Age 13.  
Stafford Springs.

## Flossie's Kittens.

One morning a basket came from the barn and said: "Flossie has got two cunning kittens."

We all wanted to see them, so he came before noon and sometimes about 4 or 5 o'clock. He doesn't fly to the coop right off, but circles about and circles about and circles back again when no one sees him.

GRACE GEER, Age 11.  
Norwich.

What Happened to Baby Earl.

My mother had a little boy named Earl. He was born early this morning and of course Earl wanted a bowlful.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," declared mother and a glass of cold milk if you promise me you will go under the table."

Earl said: "Oh! Yes, I will, for I love beef soup."

My mother brought out two soft cushions and rested Baby Earl fine and comfortable, and soon she was back to her work.

The little Earl was an enormous ant heap. Not long after Earl was seated there was many ants came to him and he began to get something to eat, and the bold creatures all crawled in baby's soup.

Earl's mother, who had been much of his spare time in the school and in the public libraries, looking through histories and other books, he chose for the subject of his essay the Greater Man, and Who Did the Most For His Country, George Washington, or Abraham Lincoln.

His speech twice a day with the cows for critics. How they understood each other beyond their comprehension, but they certainly must have done so, for the rehearsal proved satisfactory.

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brick. Stir the solution until it is smooth and set on a stove to cook, stirring now and then until it thickens into one big lump. When it reaches this period, stop stirring, and my friend left me and I went to the dentist.

IDA BONVILLE, Age 11.  
Montville.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.  
My Cat and Her Kittens.

Dear Uncle Jed: My cat has two kittens. They both have double paws and blue eyes. One is gray and the other one is white spotted with black and yellow.

My big cat is gray and white. She has lots of trouble with her kittens, for when she wiggles her tail they grab it and bite it.

The kittens are very nice. They play with me and my mother's snipper. They are very lively.

FERDINAND E. FUSBY, Age 11.  
Stafford Springs.

KATHERINE HICKEY.  
Cornstalk Doll Furniture.

Far back from the railway in a southern mountainer settlement a traveler found the children making doll furniture out of cornstalks.

With a little patience any one can make cornstalk furniture. First cut the joints out of the stalks, and then remove them to the center.

Before they were ready to start for home, they were in the angry street results by selecting pieces of approximately the same diameter, instead of whittling them down to uniform size.

For the table tops and the seats and backs of chairs, use strips of the shell, which are cut from the cornstalks with their length. Then cut them three-fourths of an inch longer than the seats and backs, and sharpen them at both ends. Then, if they are very pliable, you can easily set them in place. You will have a richly colored and sturdy furniture.

For the little beds, use well as cross-boards of the same thin bark. In fact, when you have the material in hand, many uses for it will suggest themselves.

From cornstalks boys may make miniature reproductions of all the farm and household furniture, including the stone boats and stiff jointed horses that seem always to wear an expression of astonishment.

JESSIE E. BRÉHAUT.  
Red Bank, N. J.

Paid in Iron.  
A small iron pot, capable of holding about one quart, was the first output of the iron industry in America.

This May 1850, when the first iron was cast at the Sagua river, near Lyons, before 1850.

James Leonard, who came to America in 1850, was the first to make iron in America. He did not remain long at Sagua, but he was the first to make iron in America.

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back after it and we went to a friend's there and waited for the next car.

We took the car again and had to pay within two cents of our regular fare. The mother and her sister and my friend left me and I went to the dentist.

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man and woman on horse-back representing peace and preparation.